

patiently struggled through dozens of takes for every scene except this one. Three minutes later it was all over. Marilyn had done it, letter perfect and with an emotional impact that caused the entire soundstage to burst into applause at the end, on the first take. There was no need for a second.

'She told me later she was able to do the scene because she believed every word of what she was saying and because it seemed to her like the story of her own life. As it might be interesting to see what it is that Marilyn so firmly believed in, here's the end of the scene as it appears in the shooting script:

(SCENE 85. LIVINGROOM. DAY. TWO
SHOT. RICHARD AND THE GIRL)

RICHARD

Let's face it -- no pretty girl in her right mind wants *me*. She wants Gregory Peck...

THE GIRL

How do you know what a pretty girl wants? You think every pretty girl is a dope. You think that a girl goes to a party and there is some guy -- a great big hunk in a fancy striped vest, strutting around like a tiger -- giving you that 'I'm so handsome, you can't resist me' look -- and from this she is supposed to fall flat on her face. Well, she doesn't fall flat on her face. But there's another guy in the room ... way over in the corner ... maybe he's kind of nervous and shy and perspiring a little ... First you look past him, but then you sort of sense that he is gentle and kind and worried, that he'll be tender with you and nice and

sweet, and that's what's really exciting!

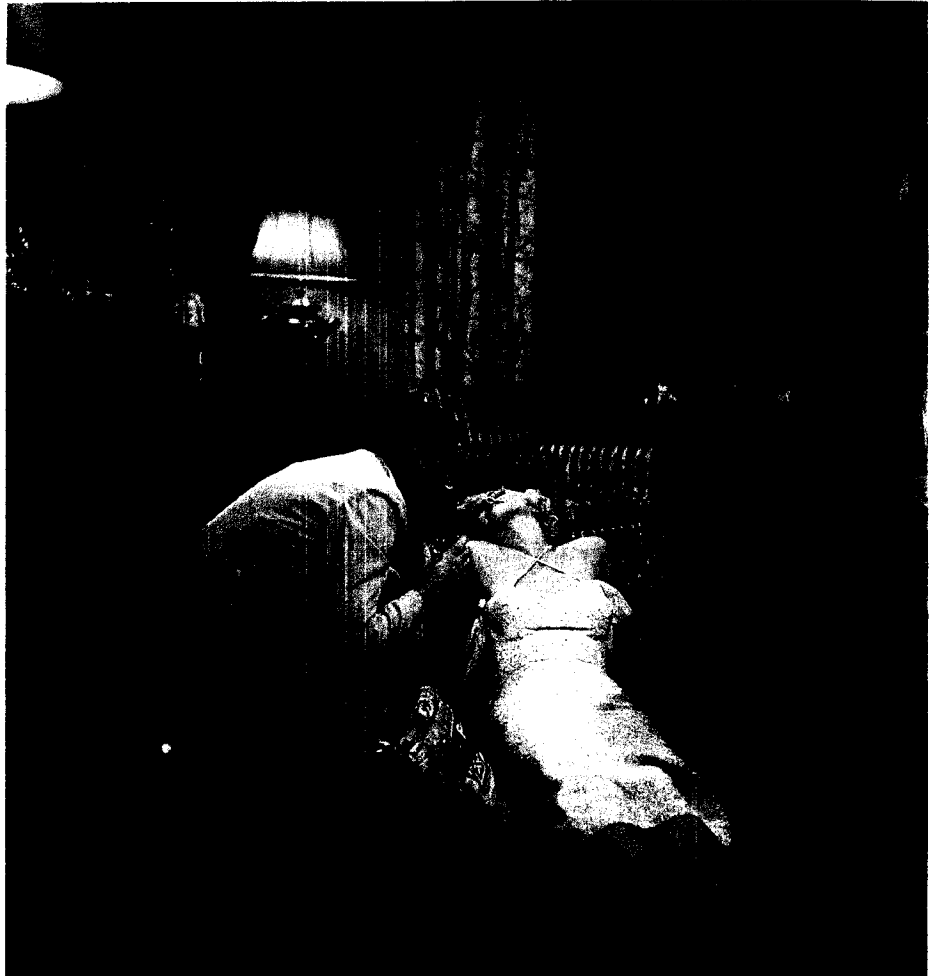
If I were your wife, I'd be jealous of you ...
I'd be very, very jealous.

(She kisses him)

I think you're just elegant!

'I have been asked if there is any symbolic significance in the fact that the Girl has no name. The truth of the matter is that I could never think of a name for her that seemed exactly right, that really fit the girl I had in mind. I think if I were writing the play today, I might be tempted to call the Girl Marilyn.'







Phee
Marilyn cooling off







Marlyn posing with a young man for a publicity still

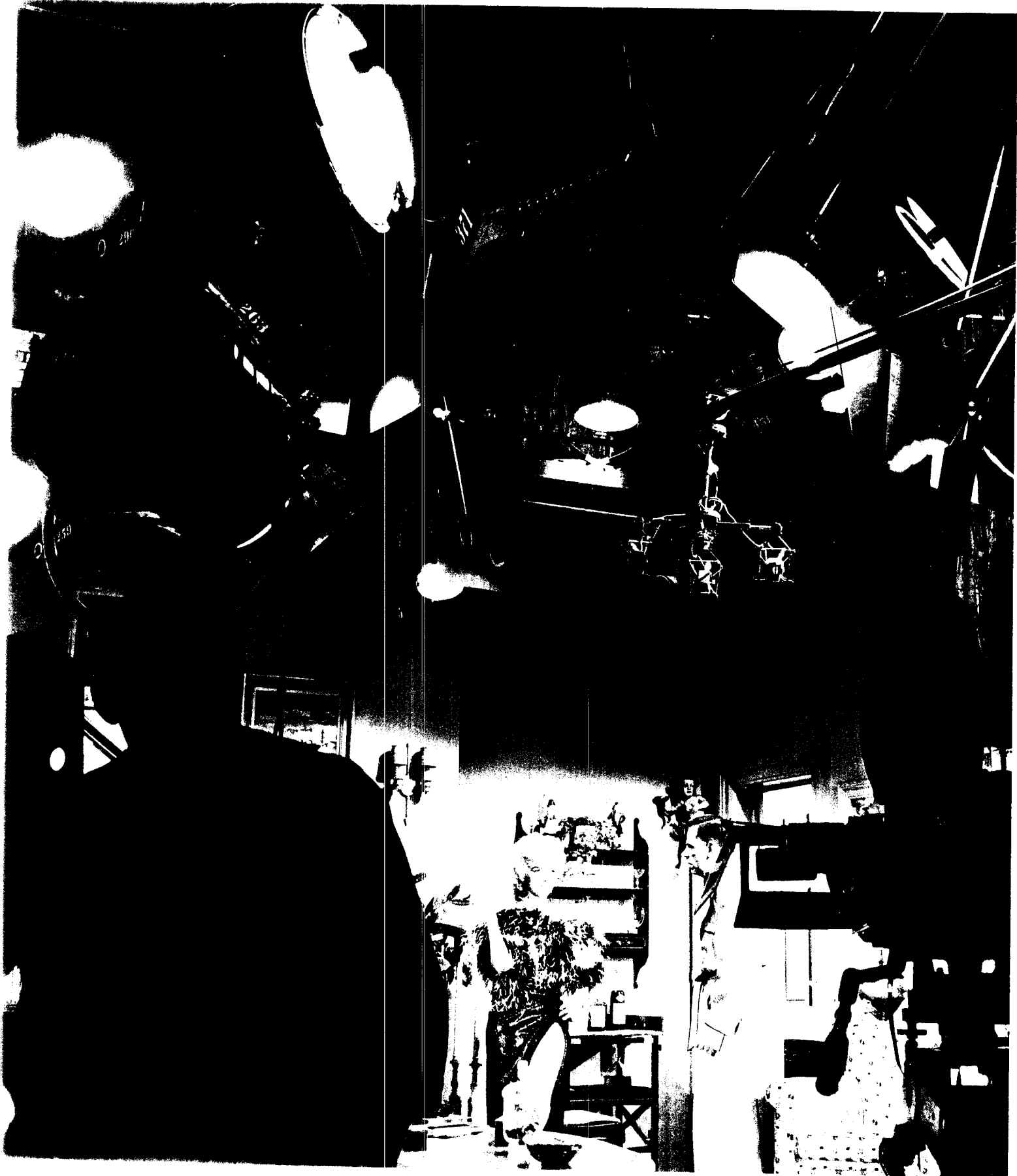
Tiger Lily
... la femme fatale





Candid moments on the set

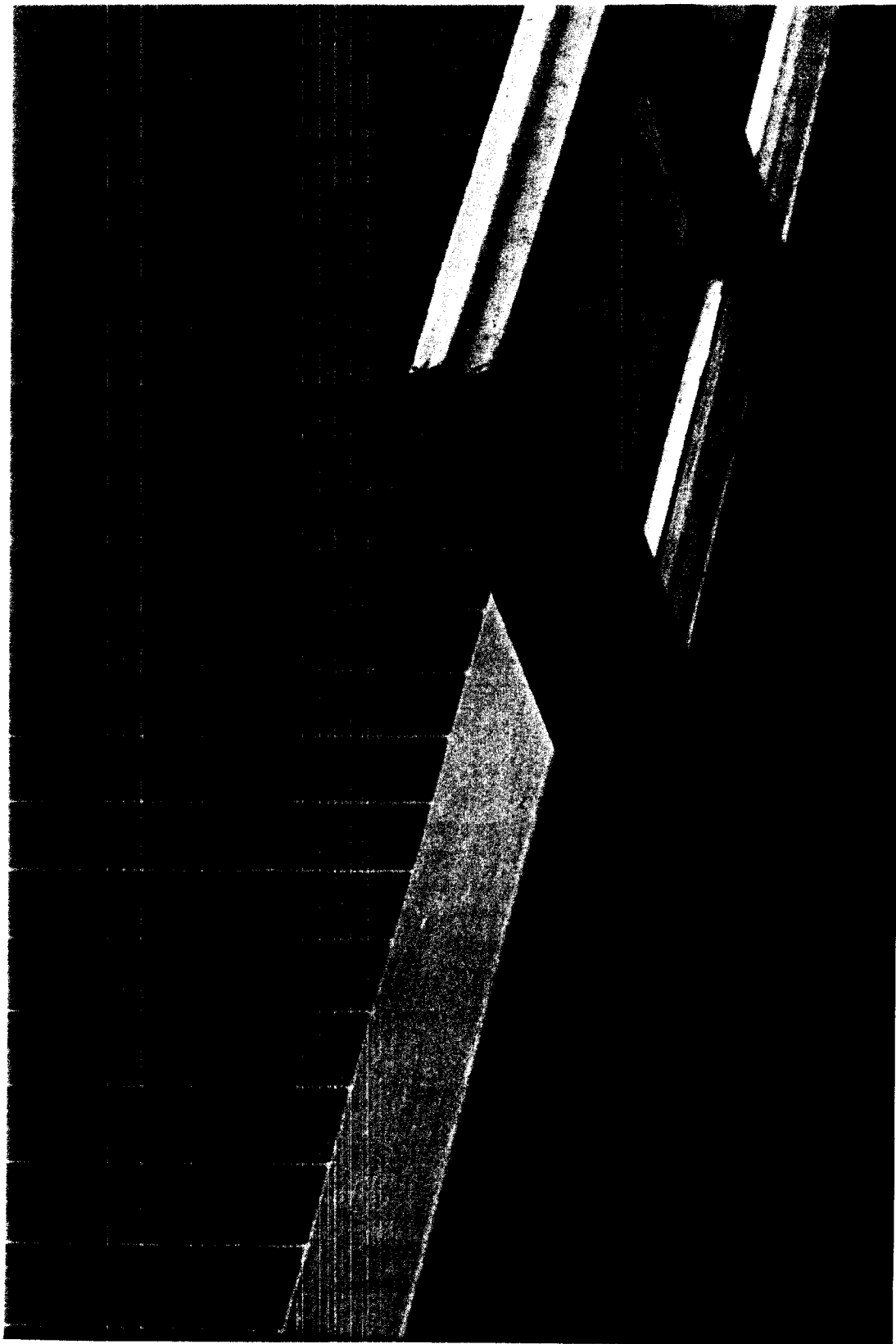






*Oldfashioned
Hollywood*

*Booms, lights, cameras, grips and gaffers up in
the grids, to capture a single moment in the life of
a film*



THE GIRL WITH NO NAME 67





Exterior . . . interior — New York in the East 60s

THE GIRL WITH NO NAME 69





When she met Clark Gable, Marilyn was as thrilled as any teenager. They were seated together at the same table, the King and the new princess. Her biggest thrill was asking for and getting Gable's autograph, 'the autograph I wanted since I was twelve years old,' she told him. Her costume was from 20th Century wardrobe – she didn't own a formal gown – and she had borrowed jewelry from Mrs Karger, the 'grande dame' of Hollywood society, so real they looked like real fakes.

Sam recalls: 'Tommy Ewell's and my hired tuxedos and patent leather shoes were from Western Costume: sewn pockets, no money, shoes too big. The maturing/aging beauties of Hollywood and the producers' wives wouldn't allow bright lights, only romantic candlelight glow. I had to borrow a flash camera from *Life* photographer Jack Birns. On the way to the party, neither Marilyn nor I had any money. Marilyn was high. It was the night of her life. No gas in the tank, she sweet-talked a gas station attendant for gas. In the doorway of the restaurant, a crowd of fans waited for her. She kept all the star-studded guests waiting inside while she posed for her fans who photographed her with their amateur cameras.'

Here's to you, my dear

Producer Charles Feldman toasting the new star with Jean Howard and Clark Gable eavesdropping

The autograph she wanted 'since I was twelve years old'





A rare rear view

Darryl F. Zanuck: the last tycoon, with Marilyn

*Bogey, Marilyn and Clifton - t
fellows*

Action!

*Billy Wilder, offstage, continue
Vidor and mysterious companio*



LIFE GOES TO A PARTY 83



AUTHOR CONFERENCE 149

